

BESSIE GREEN CLEARED OF ARNOLD BLACKMAIL

The Real Letter Writer Answers
an Ad and Handwriting
Isn't Prisoner's.

EXPERT THOUGHT IT WAS

Negress Was Closely Watched
in Tombs Cell and Didn't
Write to Herself.

Bessie Green, the negress who has been on trial before Judge Swann in the Court of General Sessions on an indictment charging her with writing and sending blackmailing letters to Francis R. Arnold, father of Dorothy Arnold, was acquitted yesterday afternoon and was discharged from custody. The negress was arrested while calling for a decoy letter.

In the trial great weight was put upon handwriting, and a number of letters received by the negress and others since she was locked up were said by an expert employed by the prosecution to be in the same handwriting as that of the threatening letters and the same as the samples of Bessie Green's handwriting. Some of the jurymen said after the verdict had been handed in that the confusion brought about by the matter of handwriting was largely responsible for the verdict.

There was a moment of excitement about the Criminal Courts Building yesterday when it was noted that a woman who had driven to the building in a private automobile was apparently greatly interested in the reading of one of the letters in the case by Assistant District Attorney Price in his summing up. The woman seen to be following with her lips some of the lines as Mr. Price read them. Immediately the idea became prevalent that this woman had an earlier knowledge of the letters and that there was a possibility that she had been implicated in their composition.

The matter was called to the attention of John S. Keith, counsel for Mr. Arnold. The lawyer told out in a minute or so that the woman who had caused the hurry was an estate's daughter who had come to the court as a visitor and who was interested in the outcome of the case against the apparently friendless negress.

The case as it went to the jury hinged rather largely on the experiment which was tried over the week end, when, at the suggestion of her counsel, Alexander Karpis, the negress was kept under strict surveillance in the Tombs and advertisements were inserted in a morning newspaper asking the writer of the recent letters to write another letter to the negress in care of the clerk of the court.

There were two advertisements in the advertisement, "really" and "necessity," both of which had appeared in earlier examples of the handwriting in the case and both of which had always been spelled "really" and "necessity" (being the form the words had taken). The advertisement asked that the advertisement be copied in the letter, thus necessitating the writing of these two words.

The letter to Bessie Green which was received at the court on Monday and was opened in the presence of the jury yesterday and read in open court, was written on foolscap paper and had pinned at the head of the first sheet a clipping of the advertisement. The letter, which begins with a copy of the advertisement, was as follows:

NEW YORK CITY, April 27, 1912.
My Friend, if you would help, it is necessary to write Bessie Green care clerk part 2 general section 22 Franklin st. as soon as you see this copy this ad and write fully about anything else when you really think will help do not write me. Lawyer.

Dear Miss Green in response to the above ad I am prepared to explain fully to you how I have deceived you but now I am going to explain and I hope you will use more common sense and be more cautious hereafter.

As I have my diary with me I cannot give exact dates but I wrote Mr. Arnold explaining my case and an appointment was arranged with Mr. Keith he stated that the girl I was referring to was not Dorothy Arnold and when I offered to prove it he said that he would have me arrested for Blackmail, as all my letters were written by my secretary and up to that time no threats whatsoever have been to him. I knew he was bluffing so then I pretended that I was desperate and demand money. Due me. He said he would settle and so I moved to the Harlem office of the world and asked them to insert the following ad in that Sunday's world. (Paroled lost in 72 street return to Mrs. O. Russell.)

I look in the paper and learn that the box was 20 World. I sent this no to them and ask them to send me the package of \$1,300 to this box number. I then had my assistance phone there and after leaving it was all right. I arranged with Mr. Greenleaf of No. 121 St. Nicholas ave to keep a special letter if one came for O. Russell as I was a former tenant there. This arranged I sent a special delivery stamp to the world and asked them to mail the letter to O. Russell to Greenwich then after I and my assistance was sure that the letter was there we picked out a negro boy of 12 W 42 st and told him to go and get the letter and to say we was in Jersey and we would give him \$1.

My assistance followed the boy from his work home and up to the St. Nic address, and also when he left there the detectives got on the car with him and my assistance knew him, so he phoned me saying there was a string on the money. The boy was shattered. Now I then decided upon revenge. I phoned the boy the next morning asking about the letter to see if he still had it and then I demand my assistance to go to the colored Neighborhood pick out a colored person who was in any window come back and phone me and I would give instructions. Later he phoned me stating that he had seen several. I ask him which was easier to reach, he said a colored girl sitting by the window in the basement of a private house. I tell him to leave the Receiver of the hook, go back, ring the Bell and ask the number, pretend that he was near sighted, bluff her out of her name and tell her she is wanted on the phone. Later she came I cleverly spoke to her and learn that she did dressmaking. I told her that I just moved from 92 st and as I was not settled yet for her to go there and get me my mail a special letter to be careful with it as men have tried to steal it from me and if she had a dollar to give it to the boy. Bring the letter to me and wait if I was not in until I come.

I knew if she paid for the letter and couldn't prove the message came from the drugstore she would be arrested thus giving me a chance to come to her Rescue and exposing Mr. Keith's client. I phoned the boy in 92 st that night and did not get any answer for the letter he said yes and that the party was coming back that night and that he forgot and left the letter home that morning. I phoned 14 W 125 st when I told her to take the letter and the boy said that the letter was left there by the girl. I told him that I would send for it soon. I then waited for a couple of days thinking my partner was mistaken when said that a detective followed the boy and after seeing the power of the Negress arrest I wrote Justice Barlow a letter telling of her innocence and also tried to get her to doublecross her lawyer and make a confession in my favor.

Now tell Mr. Arnold that I hope he realize what a terrible fool I have made out of him and Mr. Arnold may go abroad as plan. I will see him when he returns. I apologize to the court if this letter offends in any way thereon proving that I am a genuine and not as Mr. Arnold terms me an exclusive slave. Mr. FREDERICK MRS. O. RUSSELL.

The Nation Within The Nation



Every Home Marked With a "C" Takes a Curtis Publication

In this town,
In your town,
In your street,
In the whole of the United States

One Home in Four Of Homes Worth While

buys

The Ladies' Home Journal or The Saturday Evening Post

IF YOU could bring all the readers of these two publications together in one place, you would create a city greater than any in the world, greater than London and New York and Paris and Tokio swept into one.

It would be a community of wealth, education and high ideals—a city of homes, a city without a slum. It would be peopled from wall to wall with prosperous, progressive, thoughtful men and women.

Such a city would be Mecca for every merchant with honest, high-grade goods to sell, for he could be sure of finding there none but customers with the intelligence to select and the ability to pay for his wares. Because every inhabitant would have these qualities, he would lose no time and waste no effort.

Fortunes would be won in such a market.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

The Ladies' Home Journal

Circulation More Than 1,750,000

The Saturday Evening Post

Circulation More Than 1,900,000

That market exists now. Those 16,500,000 people, constituting the 3,300,000 families which buy one or the other of these publications, are spread throughout this country, from Niagara to the Rio Grande, from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate.

They are far more than a city.

They are a NATION WITHIN THE NATION.

The market which they represent is more vast than even the one of which that ideal city could boast. For these 3,300,000 include one in four of every home in the United States which might fairly be regarded as a potential consumer of good goods. And when you have convinced this fourth home of the merits of what you have to sell, you have taken the first step toward reaching the three neighbors.

This is the greatest single market in the world. It is open to reputable advertisers through the Curtis publications.

Throughout the country the Curtis Circulation is unequalled. In most localities in the country it exceeds the circulation of the leading newspaper.

We publish a book on the subject of modern advertising, which incidentally gives the exact figures of our circulation in each part of the country. If you are interested, you may obtain a copy of this book without expense by writing to

BOY TIED UP AND LASHED.

Candy Shop Owner Held, Says Tony Littered His Sidewalk.

Tony Tumsky, 4 years old, told Magistrate Appleton in the West Side court yesterday of a horsewhipping he received from Joseph Martin who keeps a candy store at 533 West Twenty-ninth street. Benjamin F. Horsey, a lumber salesman, was complainant against Martin.

His blood boiled, he said, at the scene he witnessed in the candy shop. He was attracted in passing by the excitement of a group of Poles and Italians who were staring through the door from the sidewalk.

I told him to stop and threatened to give me the lash. I threatened him with arrest and ran out for a policeman.

Horsey found, Policeman Barreau. When the boy got back to the shop the child had been released and was sitting crying on the sidewalk. Tony's father, Adam Tumsky, who works at night, had been forced by a neighbor.

The policeman told Magistrate Appleton that the man in the station reported finding wells on the little fellow's body after examining him. In the child's neck were a couple of marks which Tony said were from the whip.

Martin admitted to the Magistrate that he had whipped the little fellow explaining that the boy was wont to throw garbage and broken bottles on his sidewalk despite repeated warnings. Magistrate Appleton held him in \$1,000 bail for trial.

AUTO CARRIED OFF LOOT.

Furs Worth \$5,000 Stolen and Chauffeur Tells of Getaway.

As an explanation of a \$5,000 fur robbery in the loft of Jackson & Brod, 27 West Twenty-sixth street, early yesterday morning a taxicab chauffeur turned up in Brooklyn about 8 o'clock in the morning and told of a weird ride of three men from the loft to the Eastern Parkway, of bundles of loot and a cold revolver which was prodding his ribs most of the way.

The news of the robbery and the chauffeur's tale came at about the same time. He said his name was Harry Rubenstein of 178 Essex street and that he works for the Consolidated Automobile Company of 104 Buffalo street. About 3 o'clock in the morning, he says, two men hired his machine and told him to drive to West Twenty-sixth street. After he had left Broadway a few doors behind one of the men jumped off and with the assistance of a man who was waiting, piled two heavy leather bags into the machine.

That his name would be something else if he did not hit the high places on the route to the Eastern Parkway, and emphasized their remarks by inserting the muzzle of a revolver between his waistcoat and trousers. Rubenstein hustled. When they reached the Eastern Parkway near Utica avenue they jumped out and got into a brown limousine and slid away into the night.

Then Rubenstein went to the Atlantic avenue police station and told his story, and a short time later the police of Manhattan learned of the lost burglary. Entrance had been effected from the loft above by cutting through the ceiling.

Fell Dead on Hoboken Pier.

Mrs. Lena Kiel, 47 years old, of 327 East Eighth street, Manhattan, died suddenly of apoplexy yesterday on Pier 3 of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in Hoboken. She went to the pier to see her cousin, Mrs. Annie Schlander, and as the Kaiser Wilhelm for Germany, and was standing in a crowd waiting for the liner to back out when she was stricken. Mrs. A. M. Schlander's son and daughter, the boys, helped the pier attendants to carry her mother into the language master's office, where a physician from St. Mary's hospital pronounced Mrs. Kiel dead.

SHOWS A MARTIAL VIGOR.

Judge Hand Comments on Judges Catching at Jurisdiction.

Judge Hand of the United States District Court denied yesterday the application of the trustees in bankruptcy for the United Wireless Telegraph Company for an order staying the prosecution of the bankrupt corporation by certain minority stockholders in a suit brought on June 9, 1911, in the Supreme Court of the State. Judge Hand says he cannot see what harm the prosecution of the action in the State court here can do, and adds:

To stay the suit could only be because of some distrust in the ability of the State court or its loyalty to the act of Congress. I undoubtedly the very existence of any Federal court does presuppose that State courts will not be too free to disregard the Federal law. It is one thing to provide means to litigants for avoiding that bias and another to encourage by the action in the very operation of a court already begun. Indeed, nothing more can be made except for the duty to have duties each catching at jurisdiction, and nothing more quickly breeds confusion than it judges really tried in each case, it shows rather a martial than a judicial vigor to assert such a jurisdiction, and unless it is unavoidable it ought not to be used.

Snow Disappears Spring at Nome.

NOME, Alaska, April 30. The spring cleanup is in full swing, the earliest in the history of the camp. Water is running everywhere and mines are sluicing.

The first gold from the winter camp was brought into Nome yesterday. The weather is mild and the ground is free from snow.